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# EPISTLES.

BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

K

To which is subjoined,

The MESSIAH, & SACRED ECLOGUE, and ELOISA  
to ABELARD, by the same Author.

ABERDEEN,

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THE LIFE OF A SOUTHERN NOBILITY, AND HIS  
LIFE AS RELATED BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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\* At the foot of page 34. for 1712, read 1714.

## EPISTLE

### DR. ARBUTHNOT.

**S**HUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said,  
Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.

The dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,  
All Bedlam or Parnassus, is let out:  
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,  
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?  
They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide,  
By land, by water, they renew the charge,  
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.  
No place is sacred, not the church is free,  
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:  
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,  
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

This epistle contains an apology for the author and his writings. It was drawn up at several times, as the several occasions offered. He had no thought of publishing it, till it pleas'd some persons of rank and fortune to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only his writings, but his morals, person, and family: of which he therefore thought himself obliged to give some account.

Is there a parson much be-mus'd in beer, 15  
 A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,  
 A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,  
 Who pens a stanza when he should engross?  
 Is there, who lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls  
 With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls? 20  
 All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain  
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.  
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,  
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:  
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25  
 And curses wit, and poetry, and POPE.  
 Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,  
 The world had wanted many an idle song)  
 What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?  
 Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love? 30  
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,  
 If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead:  
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I,  
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lye;  
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35  
 And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face.  
 I sit with sad civility, I read  
 With honest anguish, and an aching head;  
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,  
 This saving counsel, 'keep your piece nine years.' 40  
 Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane  
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,



Rhymes 'ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,  
Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends:

' The piece you think is incorrect, why take it, 45

' I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it.'

Three things another's modest wishes bound,

My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

\* Pitholeon sends to me, ' you know his grace,

' I want a patron; ask him for a place, 50

Pitholeon libell'd me——' but here's a letter

Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

' Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,

' He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine.'

Bless me! a packet.——' 'tis a stranger sues, 55

' A Virgin tragedy, an orphan muse.'

If I dislike it, furies, ' death and rage!

If I approve, ' commend it to the stage.'

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,

The play'rs and I are luckily no friends. 60

Fir'd that the house reject him, ' 'death I'll print it

' And shame the fools——your interest, Sir, with Lintot.'

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much,

' Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'

All my demurs but double his attacks, 65

At last he whispers ' do, and we go snaeks,'

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clapt the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

\* The name taken from a foolish poet at Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek. Schol. in Horat. lib. 1.

'Tis sung when Midas' ears began to spring;  
 (Midas, a sacred person and a King)  
 His very minister who spy'd them first,  
 (Some say his \* queen) was forc'd to speak or burst.  
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,  
 When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?

' Good friend forbear ! you deal in dang'rous things,  
 ' I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings ;  
 ' Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,  
 ' 'Tis nothing, ——— nothing ? if they bite and kick ?  
 Out with it Dunciad ! let the secret pass,  
 That secret to each fool, that he's an ass :  
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie ?)  
 The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel ? take it for a rule,  
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.  
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus ! round thee break,  
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack :  
 Pit, box, and gall'ry, in convulsions hurl'd,  
 Thou stand'st unhook amidst a bursting world.  
 Who shames a scribler ? break one cobweb thro',  
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread a new :

\* The story is told by some of his barber, but by Chancer  
 of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in Dryden's Fables,  
 Ver. 88. ——— Alluding to Horace.

-----Si fractus illabatur Orbis,  
 Impavidum ferient ruinae.

Destroy his fib, or sophistry in vain,  
 The creature's at his dirty work again;  
 Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs;  
 Proud of a vast extent of slimy lines!  
 Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,  
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?  
 And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?  
 His butcher's Henly, his free masons Moore?  
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?  
 Still to one Bishop P—s seem a wit?  
 Still Sappho—' hold! for God-sake—you'll offend,  
 • No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend.  
 • I too could write, and I am twice as tall,  
 • But foes like these?—one flatt'rer's worse than all.  
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,  
 It is the flaver kills, and not the bite,  
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent;  
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,  
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes;  
 One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,  
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.

This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,  
 And others roar aloud, ' subscribe, subscribe.'

There are, who to my person pay their court, I 15  
 I cough like Horace, and tho' lean, am short,  
 Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,  
 Such Ovid's nose, and Sir! you have an eye—



Go on, obliging creatures make me see  
 All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me. 120  
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,  
 ' Just so immortal Maro held his head :  
 And when I die be sure you let me know  
 Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 125  
 Dipt me in ink, my parent's, or my own?  
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.  
 I left no calling for this idle trade,  
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd. 130  
 The muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,  
 To help me thro' this long disease, my life,  
 To second Arbuthnot! thy art and care,  
 And teach, the being you preserv'd, to bear,  
 But why then publish? Granville the polite, 135  
 And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;  
 Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,  
 And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;  
 The courtly Talbot, \* Somers, Sheffield read,  
 Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head, 140

\* All these were patrons or admirers of Mr. Dryden, tho' a scandalous libel against him, entituled, Dryden's Satyr to his Muse, has been printed in the name of the Lord Somers, of which he was wholly ignorant.

These are the persons to whose account the author charges the publication of his first pieces: persons with whom he was



And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)  
 With open arms receiv'd one poet more,  
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!  
 Happier their author, when by these belov'd!  
 From these the world will judge of men and books,  
 Not from the \* Burnets, Oldmixons and Cooks. 146

Soft were my numbers, who could take offence  
 While pure description held the place of sense?  
 Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,  
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150  
 Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;  
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still,  
 Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;  
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt.  
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155  
 I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad?  
 If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.  
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,  
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160

conversant (and he adds belov'd) at 16 or 17 years of age;  
 an early period for such an acquaintance. The catalogue  
 might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to  
 that time when he writ the Pastorals and Windsor Forest, on  
 which he passes a sort of censure in the lines following.

While pure description held the place of sense, &c.

\* Authors of secret and scandalous history.

Ver. 150. A painted meadow, or a purling stream, is a verse  
 of Mr. Addison.

Commas and points they set exactly right, 164  
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.  
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,  
 From flashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds.  
 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells, 165  
 Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,  
 Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,  
 Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespear's name.  
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms  
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! 170  
 The things we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
 But wonder how the devil they got there?  
 Were others angry? I excus'd them too;  
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.  
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find, 175  
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,  
 That casting weight pride adds to emptiness,  
 This, who can gratify? for who can guess?  
 The bard whom pilf'ring pastorals renown,  
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown, 180  
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,  
 And strains from hard bound brains, eight lines a year:  
 He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,  
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;  
 And he who now to sense, now nonsense leaning, 185  
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:  
 And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,  
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad:

All these my modest satire bad translate,  
 And own'd, that nine such poets made a Tate! 190  
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe?  
 And swear? not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires  
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,  
 Blest with each talent, and each art to please, 195  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:  
 Shou'd such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,  
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 200  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;  
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205  
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;  
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,  
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;  
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause; 210  
 While wits and templers ev'ry sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise,  
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?  
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

B



What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls? 215  
 Or plaister'd posts, with claps in capitals?  
 Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,  
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad?  
 I sought no homage from the race that write;  
 I kept, like Asian Monarchs, from their sight; 220  
 Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)  
 No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song,  
 I ne'er with wits or witlings past my days,  
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise;  
 Nor like a puppy daggled through the town;  
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;  
 Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,  
 With handkerchief and orange at my side;  
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,  
 To Bufo left the whole Cassalian state. 230  
 Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,  
 Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill,  
 Fed with soft dedication all day long,  
 Horace and he went hand in hand in song.  
 His library (where busts of poets dead 235  
 And a true Pindar stood without a head)

Ver. 218. And on the wings of all the winds came flying  
 all abroad.] Hopkins, in the 104th Psalm.

Ver. 236. — a true Pindar stood without a head.] Ridicules  
 the affectation of antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the  
 headless trunks and terms of statues, for Plato, Homer, Pin-  
 dar, &c. Vide Fulv. Ursin, &c..



Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,  
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:  
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,  
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat: 240  
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,  
 He pay'd some bards with port, and some with praise,  
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,  
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.  
 Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245  
 Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:  
 But still the great have kindness in reserve,  
 He help'd to bury him he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each gray goose quill!  
 May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still? 250  
 So, when a statesman wants a day's defence,  
 Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,  
 Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,  
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands,  
 Blest be the Great! for those they take away, 255  
 And those they left me; for they left me Gay;  
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,  
 Neglected die! and tell it on his tomb:  
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return  
 My verse, and Queenb'ry weeping o'er thy urn! 260

Ver. 248. — help'd to bury.] Mr. Dryden, after having  
 liv'd in exigence, had a magnificent funeral bestow'd upon  
 him by the contribution of several persons of quality.

Oh let me live my own, and die so too!  
 ('To live and die is all I have to do:')  
 Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,  
 And see what friends, and read what books I please:  
 Above a patron, tho' I condescend 265  
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.  
 I was not born for courts or great affairs;  
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;  
 Can sleep without a poem in my head,  
 Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead. 270

Why am I ask'd, what next shall see the light?  
 Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?  
 Has life no joys for me? or, to be grave,  
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save? 274  
 'I found him close with Swift,—indeed? no doubt  
 '(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out.  
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will:  
 'No, such a genius never can lie still,  
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes  
 The first lampoon Sir Will. or Bubo makes. 280  
 Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,  
 When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my Stile?

Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,  
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,  
 Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear, 285  
 Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!  
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,  
 Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,

Who loves a lye, lame slander helps about,  
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out: 290  
 That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,  
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame;  
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,  
 And show the sense of it without the love;  
 Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295  
 Yet wants the honour injur'd to defend;  
 Who tells what'er you think, what'er you say,  
 And, if he lye not, must at least betray:  
 Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,  
 And sees at Cannon's what was never there; 300  
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,  
 Make Satire a lampoon, and fiction lye.  
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,  
 But all such bauling blockheads in his stead.  
 Let Sporus tremble—what? that thing of silk, 305  
 'Sporus, that mere white cur'd of ass's milk?  
 'Satire or sense alas! can Sporus feel?  
 'Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?  
 Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,  
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings, 310  
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,  
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:  
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight  
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.



Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.  
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,  
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,  
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,  
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,  
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lyes,  
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.  
 His wit all see-saw between that and this,  
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,  
 And he himself one vile antithesis.  
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,  
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,  
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,  
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.  
 Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,  
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,  
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,  
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust,  
 Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,  
 Nor lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,  
 Not proud, nor servile, be one poet's praise,  
 That if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways,  
 That flatt'ry, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,  
 And thought a lye in verse and prose the same.  
 That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,  
 But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song.

## EPISTLES.

15

That not for fame, but virtue's better end,  
 He stood the furious foe; the timid friend;  
 The damning critic; half approving wit;  
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;  
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had  
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;  
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,  
 The blow unfelt; the tear he never shed;  
 The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown,  
 Th' imputed trash, and dullness not his own;  
 The morals blacken'd when the writings scape,  
 The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape;  
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,  
 A friend in exile, or a father, dead;  
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,  
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his Sovereign's ear—  
 Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the past:  
 For thee, fair virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

Ver. 351. Th' imputed trash.] Such as profane Psalms, Court Poems, and other scandalous things, printed in his name by Curl and others.

Ver. 354. Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread] namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his friends, his parents, and his very nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Duckett, L. Welsted, Tho. Bently, and other obscure persons.

'But why insult the poor, affront the great?' 390  
 A knave's a knave to me, in ev'ry state:  
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,  
 Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jayl,  
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,  
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire, 365  
 If on a pillory, or near a throne,  
 He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own,  
 Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,  
 Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:  
 This dreaded sat'rist Dennis will confess 370  
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:  
 So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,  
 Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhym'd for Moore:  
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply;  
 Three thousand suns went down on Wellsted's lye: 375

Ver. 374. Ten years.] It was so long after many libels, the author of the Dunciad published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him.

Ver. 375. Wellsted's lye.] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a lady's death, and to name a person he never heard of, he also publish'd that he libel'd the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had liv'd in familiarity, and received from him a presented of five hundred pounds; the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace, Mr. P. never receiv'd any present, far-



390 To please a mistress, one aspers'd his life:  
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife.  
 Let Budget charge low Grubstreet on his quill,  
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will;  
 Let the two Curls of town and court, abuse, 380  
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.  
 Yet why? that father held it for a rule,  
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:

370 ther than the subscription for Homer from him, or from any  
 Great Man whatsoever,

Budget in a weekly pamphlet call'd the Bee, bestow'd much  
 abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things a-  
 bout the Last Will of Dr. Tindal, in the Grubstreet-Journal;  
 a paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or  
 [supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its author.

375 Ver. 381. His father, mother, &c.] In some of Curl's  
 and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father was said to be a me-  
 chanic, a hatter, a farmer, nay a bankrupt. But what is  
 stranger, a nobleman (if such a reflection could be thought to  
 come from a nobleman) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful  
 untruth, in a paper called an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity:  
 and the following line,

Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure,  
 had fallen from a like Courtly pen, in certain verses to the  
 Imitator of Horace. Mr. Pope's father was of a gentleman's  
 family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of  
 Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsey---  
 his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq; of York:  
 She had three brothers, one of whom was kill'd, another died  
 in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his for-

That harmless mother thought no wife a whore,  
 Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore! 385  
 Unspotted names, and memorable long,  
 If there be force in virtue, or in song,  
 Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,  
 While yet in Britain honour had applause)  
 Each parent sprang—'what fortune, pray?'--their own,  
 And better got than Bestia's from the throne. 391  
 Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,  
 Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,  
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,  
 The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age: 395  
 No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,  
 Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lye:

tunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remain'd after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family-----Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; she in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex,

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO POPE, VIRO INNOCUO, PROBO PIO,  
 QUI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV, OB. MDCCXVII.  
 ET EDITHAE CONJUGI INCULPABILI,  
 PIENTISSIMAE, QUAE VIXIT ANNOS  
 XCIII, OB. MDCCXXXIII.  
 PARENTIBUS BENEMERENTIBUS FILIUS FE-  
 CIT, ET SIBI,

Un-learn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,  
 No language, but the language of the heart.  
 By nature honest, by experience wise, 400  
 Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;  
 His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,  
 His death was instant, and without a groan.  
 O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!  
 Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I. 405  
 O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!  
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:  
 Me; let the tender office long engage  
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,  
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, 410  
 Make languor smile, and smoothe the bed of death,  
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
 And keep a while one parent from the sky!  
 On cares like these if length of days attend,  
 May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,  
 Preserve him social, chearful, and serene, 416  
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.  
 Whether the blessing be deny'd or giv'n,  
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

\* This epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Fell's poems published by our author, after the said Earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and return into the country in the year 1731.



## EPISTLE II.

TO

ROBERT EARL of OXFORD,

AND

EARL MORTIMER.

**S**UCH were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung,\*  
 'Till death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue,  
 Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!  
 With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!  
 Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain! 5  
 Dear to the muse! to Harley dear — in vain!

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,  
 Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;  
 For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,  
 The sober follies of the wise and great; 10  
 Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,  
 And pleas'd escape from flattery to wit.

\* This epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnelle's poems published by our author, after the said Earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country in the year 1721.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,  
 (A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)  
 Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days, 15  
 Still bear thy Parnelle in his living lays,  
 Who careless now of interest, fame, or fate,  
 Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;  
 Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,  
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall. 20

And sure, if ought below the seats divine  
 Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:  
 A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,  
 Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,  
 The rage of pow'r, the blast of publick breath, 25  
 The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to desarts thy retreat is made;  
 The muse attends thee to the silent shade:  
 'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,  
 Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace. 30  
 When int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,  
 And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;  
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,  
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.  
 Ev'n now, she shades thy ev'ning walk with bays, 35  
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)  
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,  
 Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,  
 Thro' fortune's cloud one truly great can see,  
 Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he. 40

## EPISTLE III.

T O

JAMES CRAIGGS, Esq;

SECRETARY OF STATE.\*

**A** Soul as full of worth, as void of pride,  
 Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide,  
 Which nor to guilt, nor fear, its caution owes,  
 And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows:  
 A face untaught to feign! a judging eye,  
 That darts severe upon a rising lye,  
 And strikes a blush thro' frontless flattery.  
 All this thou wert; and being this before,  
 Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.  
 Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,  
 Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;  
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,  
 Proceed—a minister, but still a man;  
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)  
 Asham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me.  
 The patriot's plain, but untrod path pursue;  
 If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

\* In the year 1720.



## E P I S T L E IV.

T O

MR. ADDISON.

**S**EE the wild waste of all devouring years ! \*  
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,  
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread,  
 The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead !  
 Imperial wonders, rais'd on nations spoil'd,  
 Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd : 5  
 Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,  
 Now drain'd a distant country of her floods;  
 Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey;  
 Statues of men, scarce less alive than they ; 10  
 Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age;  
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage;  
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,  
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire,  
 Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15  
 Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;  
 That name, the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,  
 And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

This was written in 1715 at which time Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of medals. It was some time before he was secretary of state, but not printed till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works in 1720, at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude this epistle were added.

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust  
 The faithless column and the crumbling butt; 20  
 Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to  
 Their ruins ruin'd, and their place no more! [shore,  
 Convinc'd she now contracts her vast design,  
 And all her triumphs sink into a coin:  
 A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps,  
 Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps. 25  
 Here scantier limits the proud arch confine,  
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine,  
 A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,  
 And little eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,  
 Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:  
 In one short view subjected to our eye  
 Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties lie.  
 With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore, 35  
 Th' inscription value, but the rust adore;  
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,  
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!  
 To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,  
 One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams; 40  
 Poor Vadius long with learned spleen devour'd  
 Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd;  
 And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,  
 Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine: 45  
 Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine,

## EPISTLES.

25

Her gods, and god-like heroes rise to view,  
 And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.  
 Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;  
 These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage;  
 The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,  
 And art reflected images to art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,  
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame,  
 In living medals see her wars enroll'd,  
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?  
 Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;  
 There warriors frowning in historic brass:  
 Then future ages with delight shall see  
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;  
 Or in fair series laurel'd bards be shown,  
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison;  
 Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)  
 On the east ore another Pollio shine:  
 With aspect open, shall erect his head,  
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,  
 'Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,  
 'In action faithful, and in honour clear;  
 'Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,  
 'Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend,  
 'Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,  
 'And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the muse he lov'd.'

E



## EPISTLE V.

MR. JERVAS.\*

With DRYDEN'S Translation of  
Fresnoy's Art of Painting.

**T**HIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou re-  
fate  
This, from no venal or ungrateful muse.  
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,  
Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;  
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,  
And from the canvas call the mimic face:  
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire  
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire:  
And reading with, like theirs our fate and fame,  
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name; 10  
Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,  
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

\* This epistle and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,  
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;  
 Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15  
 And each from each contract new strength and light.  
 How oft' in pleasing tasks we wear the day,  
 While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away?  
 How oft' our slowly growing works impart,  
 While images reflect from art to art? 20  
 How oft' review; each finding like a friend  
 Something to blame, and something to commend?  
 What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,  
 Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!  
 Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25  
 Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.  
 With thee, on Raphael's monument I mourn,  
 Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:  
 With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,  
 Or seek some ruin's formidable shade; 30  
 While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,  
 And builds imaginary Rome a-new.  
 Here thy well study'd marbles fix our eye;  
 A fading Fresco here demands a sigh:  
 Each heav'nly piece unwear'd we compare, 35  
 Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,  
 Carricci's strength, Corregio's softer line,  
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears  
 This small, well-polish'd gem, the \* work of years! 40  
 Yet still how faint by precept is exprest  
 The living image in the painter's breast?  
 Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,  
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;  
 Thence beauty waking all her forms, supplies 45  
 An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.  
 Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,  
 Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead:  
 Call round her tomb each object of desire,  
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire: 50  
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,  
 The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:  
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore:  
 Then view this marble, and be vain no more! 55  
 Yet still her charms in breathing paint engaged;  
 Her modest cheek shall warm a future age:  
 Beauty, frail flower that every season fears,  
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.  
 Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprize,  
 And other beauties envy Worley's eyes; 60  
 Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,  
 And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.  
 Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,  
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line! 65

\* Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his poem.



# EPISTLES.

29

New graces yearly like thy works display, 65  
 Soft without weakness, without glazing gay;  
 Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;  
 And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains!  
 The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,  
 One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70  
 Yet should the graces all thy figures place,  
 And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;  
 Yet should the muses bid thy numbers roll,  
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;  
 With Zeuxis, Helen thy Bridgewater vie; 75  
 And these be sung, till Granville's Myra die:  
 Alas! how little from the grave we claim!  
 Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

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## EPISTLE VI.

TO

MISS BLOUNT.

## With the Works of VOITURE.

**I**N these gay thoughts the loves and graces shine,  
 And all the writer lives in every line;  
 His easy art may happy nature seem,  
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.  
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate 5  
 Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;  
 Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;  
 With wit well-natur'd and with books well-bred:  
 His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share!  
 His time, the muse, the witty, and the fair. 10  
 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,  
 Cheerful he play'd the trifle life away,  
 'Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,  
 As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.  
 Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore, 15  
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;  
 The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,  
 Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes;

# EPISTLES.

The smiles and loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,  
But that for ever in his lines they breathe. 20

Let the strict life of graver mortals be,  
A long, exact and serious comedy,  
In every scene some moral let it teach,  
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.  
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear, 25  
And more diverting still than regular,  
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,  
Tho' not too strictly bound to time and place!  
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please,  
Few write to those, and none can live to these. 30

Too much your sex is by their forms confin'd,  
Severe to all, but most to womankind;  
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;  
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;  
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame; 35  
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.  
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,  
But sets up one, a greater in their place;  
Well might you wish for change, by those accus'd,  
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst. 40  
Still in constraint your lust'ring sex remains,  
Or bound in formal, or in real chains.  
Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,  
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.  
Ah quit not the free innocence of life, 45  
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife!



Nor let false shews, or empty titles please:

Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,

Gave the gilt coach, and dappled Flanders mares; 50

The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,

And to compleat her bliss, a fool for mate,

She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring;

A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!

Pride, pomp, and state but reach her outward part;

She sighs, and is no dutchess at her heart. 56

But, madam, if the fates withstand, and you

Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too;

Trust not too much your now resistless charms,

Those, age or sickness, soon or late disarm; 60

Good humour only teaches charms to last.

Still make new conquests, and maintains the past;

Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay.

Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day,

As flow'ry hands in wantonness are worn. 65

A morning's pleasure, and at ev'ning torn:

This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,

The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus \* Voiture's early care still shone the same,

And Monthausier was only chang'd in name; 70

By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,

Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm;

\* Mademoiselle Paulet.

Now crown'd with myrtle, on th' Elyfian coast,  
 Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost:  
 Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,  
 And finds a fairer Ramboület in you. 76

The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his muse;  
 The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;  
 And dead, as living, tis our author's pride  
 Still to charm those who charm the world besides. 80

Just when the leaves to roll a melting eye  
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;  
 From the dear man unwilling the muse sever;  
 Yet takes one kiss before she part for ever;  
 Thus from the world fair Sephastinda flew,  
 Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;  
 Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,  
 She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went. 10  
 She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks;  
 Old-fashion'd halls, dull manners, and creaking stools;  
 She went from op'ra, park, assembly, play,  
 To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;  
 To part her time, 'twixt reading and poetry, 15  
 To mule and sell her solitary tea;  
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,  
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;  
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,  
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the spindle; 20  
 Up to her godly garter after tea,  
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.  
 \* Of King George the first 1717.

## E P I S T L E VII.

To the same on her leaving the Town  
after the CORONATION.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care  
Drags from the town to wholesome country air,  
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,  
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;  
From the dear man unwilling she must sever, 5  
Yet takes one kiss before she part for ever:  
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,  
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;  
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,  
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went. 10  
She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,  
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:  
She went from op'ra, park, assembly, play,  
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;  
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea, 15  
To muse and spill her solitary tea,  
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,  
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon:  
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,  
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire; 20  
Up to her godly garret after sev'n,  
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

\* Of King George the first 1715.



Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;  
 Whose game is whisk, whose treat a tost in sack;  
 Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, 25  
 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries——no words!  
 Or with his hound comes hollowing from the stable,  
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;  
 Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,  
 And loves you best of all things—but his horse? 30  
 In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,  
 You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;  
 In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,  
 See coronations rise on ev'ry green;  
 Before you pass th' imaginary lights 35  
 Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights;  
 While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes;  
 Then give on flint, and all the vision flies.  
 Thus vanish scepter, coronets, and balls,  
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls. 40

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,  
 (Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)  
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,  
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you:  
 Just when his fancy points his sprightly eyes, 45  
 Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,  
 GAY pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite;  
 Streets, chairs and coxcombs, rush upon my sight:  
 Vext to be still in town, I knit my brow,  
 Look sour, and hum a tune—as you may now. 50

Some spare, perhaps, you take delight to lack;  
 Whose game is whiff, whose treat a toss in lack;

## ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollen* of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have enquired the same in this imitation of him, tho' without admitting any thing of my own, since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,  
 (Not plang'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)  
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,  
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you;  
 Just when his fancy points his twinkling eyes,  
 Or sees the blush of lost Parnassia rise,  
 GAY bats my shoulder, and you vanish quite;  
 Streets, chairs and coxcombs, rush upon my sight:  
 Next to be still in town, I knit my brow,  
 I look sour, and hum a tune—as you may now.

## M E S S I A H.

A  
S A C R E D E C L O G U E,

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

**Y**E nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:  
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong,  
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,  
 The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,  
 Delight no more,——O thou my voice inspire  
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun,  
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!

## G

Ver. 8. A virgin shall conceive——All crimes shall cease, &c.

VIRG. E. 4. ver. 6. Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia  
 regna,

Jam nova progenies coelo demittitur alto——

Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,

Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.——

Pacatumque rege patris virtutibus orbem.

Now the virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns,  
 now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By  
 means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall  
 be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He  
 shall govern the earth in peace with the virtues of his father.



From (1) Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies: 10  
 Th' aethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.  
 Ye (2) heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!  
 The (3) sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15  
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
 All crimes shall cease, and antient fraud shall fail;  
 Returning (4) justice lift aloft her scale;  
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
 And white-rob'd innocence from heav'n descend. 20  
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!  
 Oh spring to light, auspicious babe, be born!  
 See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
 With all the incense of the breathing springs.

Isaiah, ch. 7. ver. 14. Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son---Ch. 9. v. 6, 7. Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; the Prince of Peace, of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.

Ver. 23. See nature hastes, &c.

VIRG. E. 4. v. 18. At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,

Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,

(1) Isaiah, ch. 11. v. 1.

(2) Ch. 45. v. 8.

(3) Ch. 25. v. 4.

(4) Ch. 9. v. 7.

See lofty (1) Lebanon his head advance, 25  
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance;  
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,  
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!  
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;  
 Prepare the (2) way! a God, a God appears: 30  
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,  
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.

*Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho-----*

*Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.*

For thee, O child, shall the earth, without being tilled produce her early offerings; winding ivy with Baccar, and Colocasia mixed with smiling Acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.

Isaiah, ch. 35. v. 1. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Ch. 60. v. 13. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together to beautify the place of thy sanctuary.

Ver. 29. Hark! a glad voice, &c.]

VIRG. E. 4. v. 46. Aggredere o magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,

*Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum---*

*Ipsi laetitia voces ad fydera jactant*

*Intonsi montes, ipsae jam carmina rupes,*

*Ipsa sonant arbuſta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca!*

Eo. 5. v. 62.

Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of

(1) Ch. 35. v. 2.

(2) Ch. 40. v. 3. 4.

Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies! 332  
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise, 333  
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay; 334  
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way! 335  
 The Saviour comes! by antient bards foretold;  
 Hear (1) him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!  
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day: 40  
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:  
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45  
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear,  
 In (2) adamant chains shall death be bound,  
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the  
 stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A  
 God, a God!

Isaiah, Ch. 40. v. 3, 4. The voice of him that crieth in  
 the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make strait  
 in the desert a highway for our God! every valley shall be  
 exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and  
 the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.  
 Ch. 4. v. 23. Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O fo-  
 rest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.

(1) Ch. 42. v. 18. ch. 35. 5, 6. (2) Ch. 25. v. 8.



As the good (1) shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50  
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,  
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,  
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;  
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55  
 The promis'd (2) father of the future age.  
 No more shall (3) nation against nation rise,  
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,  
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60  
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
 And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.  
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful (4) son  
 Shall finish what his short liv'd sire begun;  
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65  
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.  
 The swain in barren (5) deserts with surprize  
 See lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise;

Ver. 67. The swains in barren deserts, &c.

VIRG. E. 4. v. 28. Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,

Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,

Et duræ quercus indabunt rosida mella.

The field shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red

(1) Ch. 40. v. 11.

(4) Ch. 65. v. 21, 22.

(2) Ch. 9. v. 6.

(5) Ch. 35. v. 1, 7.

(3) Ch. 2. v. 4.

And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear. 70  
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
 Waste sandy (1) valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,  
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;  
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palm succeed, 75  
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
 The (2) lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant  
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead; [mead,  
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
 And harmless (3) serpents lick the pilgrims feet. 80

grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oak shall distill honey like dew.

Isaiah, ch. 35. v. 7. The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds, and rushes. Ch. 55. v. 13. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree.

Ver. 77. The lambs with wolves, &c.

VIRG. E. 4. v. 21. Ipsae lacte domum referent distenta capellae

Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones-----

Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni

Occidet,-----

The goats shall bear to the folds their udders distended with milk; nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.

(1) Ch. 41. v. 19. and Ch. 55. v. 13.

(2) Ch. 11. v. 6, 7, 8.

(3) Ch. 65. v. 25.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take,  
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,  
Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,  
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.  
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial (1) Salem, rise!  
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes! 86

See, a long (2) race thy spacious courts adorn;  
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies! 90  
See barb'rous (3) nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;

Isaiah, ch. xi. v. 16; &c. The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them---And the lion shall eat straw like the ox, and the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.

Ver. 85. Rise, crown'd with light, &c.]

The thoughts of Isaiah which compose the latter part of this poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest part of his Pollio.

Magnus ab integro faeclorem nascitur ordo!

----toto surget gens aurea mundo!

(1) Ch. 60. v. 1.

(2) Ch. 60. v. 4.

(3) Ch. 60. v. 3.



See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
 And heap'd with products of (1) Sabacan springs! T  
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95  
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow  
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!  
 No more the rising (2) sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn, 100  
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
 One tyde of glory, one unclouded blaze  
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine  
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!  
 The (3) seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
 But fixt his word, his saving pow'r remains;  
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns.

---incipient magni procedere menses!

Aspice, venturo lactentur ut omnia saeclo! &c.

The reader needs only turn to the passages of Isaiah here cited.

(1) Ch. 60. v. 6.

(2) Ch. 60. v. 19, 20.

(3) Ch. 51. v. 6. and Ch. 54. v. 10.

T O

MRS. M. B.

SENT ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

JUNE FIFTEENTH.

**O**H, be thou blest with all that heav'n can send!  
 Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and  
 a friend:

Not with those toys the female race admire,  
 Riches that vex, and vanities that tire;  
 Not as the world its pretty slaves rewards,  
 A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;  
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,  
 Young without lovers, old without a friend;  
 A sop their passion, but their prize a sor;  
 Alive, ridiculous; and dead forgot! 10

Let joy, or ease, let affluence, or content,  
 And the gay conscience of a life well spent,  
 Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,  
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face:  
 Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15  
 Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear:  
 Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,  
 In some soft dream, or extasy of joy,  
 Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb,  
 And wake to raptures in a life to come! 20

H

# The ARGUMENT.

**A**BELARD and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which gives so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

Alive, ridiculous; and dead forgot!  
 Let joy, or ease, let absence, or content,  
 And the gay conscience of a life well spent,  
 Calm ev'ry thought, inspire ev'ry grace,  
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face:  
 Let day improve on day, and year on year,  
 Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear:  
 Till death itself shall render flame destroy,  
 In some lost dream, or ecstasy of joy,  
 Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb,  
 And wake to raptures in a life to come!



## ELOISA TO ABELARD.

**I**N these deep solitudes and awful cells,  
 Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,  
 And ever-musing melancholy reigns;  
 What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?  
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat? 5  
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?  
 Yet, yet I love!—from Abelard it came,  
 And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,  
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd: 10  
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,  
 Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:  
 Oh write it not, my hand—the name appears  
 Already written—wash it out my tears!  
 In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays, 15  
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains  
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:  
 Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;  
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn! 20  
 Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,  
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!  
 Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,  
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

48 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has part, 25  
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;  
Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,  
Nor tears, for ages, thought to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,  
That well-know name awakens all my woes. 30  
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!  
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.  
I tremble too where'er my own I find,  
Some dire misfortune follows close behind,  
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, 35  
Led thro' a sad variety of woe:  
Now warm in love, now with'ring in thy bloom,  
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!  
There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,  
There dy'd the best of passions, love and fame. 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join  
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine,  
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;  
And is my Abelard less kind than they?  
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare, 45  
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;  
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;  
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;  
Ah, more than share it! give me all thy grief. 50  
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,  
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;

They live they speak, they breathe what love inspires,  
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,  
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart, 55  
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,  
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,  
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,  
 When love approach'd me under friendship's name;  
 My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind, 61  
 Some emanation of th' all-beauteous-mind,  
 Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,  
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.  
 Guiltless I gaz'd; heav'n listen'd while you sung; 65  
 And truths \*divine came mended from that tongue.  
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?  
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:  
 Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,  
 Nor wish'd an angel, whom I lov'd a man. 70  
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;  
 Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft' when prest to marriage have I said,  
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made?  
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, 75  
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.  
 Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,  
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame;

\* He was her preceptor in philosophy and divinity.



50 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Before true passion all those views remove,  
 Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love? 80  
 The jealous god, when we profane his fires,  
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires  
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,  
 Who seek in love for ought but love alone.  
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall, 85  
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:  
 Nor Caesar's empress would I deign to prove;  
 No, make me mistress to the man I love;  
 If there be yet another name more free,  
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee! 90  
 Oh happy state! when souls each other draw,  
 When love is liberty, and nature, law:  
 All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,  
 No craving void left aking in the breast: 94  
 Ev'n thought meets thought, e'er from the lips it part,  
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.  
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)  
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise?  
 A naked lover bound and bleeding lies! 100  
 Where, where was Eloisa? her voice, her hand,  
 Her poynard had oppos'd the dire command,  
 Barbarian stay! that bloody stroke restrain;  
 The crime was common, common be the pain.  
 I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd. 105  
 Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,  
When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay?  
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,  
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell? 110  
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred vail,  
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:  
Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,  
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.  
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115  
Not on the crosses my eyes were fix'd, but you:  
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,  
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.  
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;  
Those still at least are left thee to bestow. 120  
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,  
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,  
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;  
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.  
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize, 125  
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,  
Full in my view set all the bright abode,  
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.  
Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,  
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r. 130  
From the false world in early youth they fled,  
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.

59 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

You \* rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,  
 And paradise was open'd in the wild,  
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 135  
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;  
 No silver faints, by dying misers given,  
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:  
 But such plain roofs as piety can raise,  
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise. 140  
 In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound)  
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,  
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,  
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light;  
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray, 145  
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.  
 But now no face divine contentment wears,  
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.  
 See how the force of others pray'rs I try,  
 (Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity!) 150  
 But why should I on others pray'rs depend?  
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!  
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,  
 And, all these tender names in one, thy love!  
 The darksome pines that o'er yon' rocks reclin'd 155  
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,  
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,  
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,

\* He founded the monastery.



The dying gales that pant upon the trees,  
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; 166  
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,  
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid.

But o'er the twilight groves, and dusky caves,  
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,  
 Black melancholy sits, and round her throws 167  
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose:  
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,  
 Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,  
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,  
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;  
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!  
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;  
 And here ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,  
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175  
 And wait 'till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,  
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man,  
 Assist me heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?  
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair? 180  
 Ev'n here where frozen chastity retires,  
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires,  
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;  
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;  
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185  
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;

## 54 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my <sup>o</sup>past offence,  
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence!  
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,  
 'Tis sure the hardest science, to forget! 190  
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense;  
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?  
 How the dear object from the crime remove,  
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?  
 Unequal task! a passion to resign, 195  
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.  
 E'er such a soul regains its peaceful state,  
 How often must it love, how often hate!  
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,  
 Conceal, disdain——do all things but forget, 200  
 But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,  
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!  
 Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,  
 Renounce my love, my life, my self——and you,  
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205  
 Alone, can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot?  
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot:  
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!  
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd; 210  
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;  
 Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;  
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even;  
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.

Grace shines around her with serenest beams, 215

And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.

For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,

For her white virgins Hymenaeals sing,

For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,

And wings of Seraphs shade divine perfumes, 220

To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,

And melts with visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,

Far other raptures, of unholy joy:

When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day, 225

Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,

Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,

All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.

O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!

How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight! 230

Provoking daemons all restraint remove,

And stir within me ev'ry source of love.

I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,

And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.

I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view, 235

The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.

I call aloud; it hears not what I say;

I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.

To dream once more I close my willing eyes;

Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise! 240

Alas, no more!—methinks we wand'ring go

Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,



## 56 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,  
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.  
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies; 245  
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.  
 I shrike, start up, the same sad prospect find,  
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain  
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain; 250  
 Thy life a long, dead calm of fix'd repose;  
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows,  
 Still as the sea, e'er winds were taught to blow,  
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;  
 Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n, 255  
 And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?  
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.  
 Nature stands check'd; religion disapproves;  
 Ev'n thou art cold——yet Eloisa loves. 260  
 Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn  
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear, where e'er I turn my view,  
 The dear ideas, where I fly pursue,  
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265  
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.  
 I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,  
 Thy image steals between my God and me.  
 Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,  
 With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear. 270

When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,  
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,  
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,  
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:  
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd; 275  
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,  
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,  
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,  
And dawning grace is opening on my soul: 280

Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!  
Oppose thyself to heav'n; dispute my heart;  
Come with one glance of those deluding eyes  
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;  
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;  
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs; 286  
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;  
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me! far as Pole from Pole;  
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll! 290  
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,  
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.  
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;  
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.  
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!) 295  
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!

8 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

O grace serene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!  
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!  
 Fresh blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!  
 And faith, our early immortality! 300  
 Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;  
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,  
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead!  
 In each low wind methinks a spirit calls, 305  
 And more than echoes talk along the walls.  
 Here as I watch'd the dying lamps around,  
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound,  
 'Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)  
 'Thy place is here, sad sister, come away! 310  
 'Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,  
 'Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid:  
 'But all is calm in this eternal sleep;  
 'Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,  
 'Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear: 315  
 'For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,  
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.  
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,  
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow: 320  
 Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,  
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day;  
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,  
 Suck my last breath, and catch the flying soul!



Ah no——in sacred vestments may'st thou stand, 325  
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,  
Present the cross before my lifted eye,  
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.

Ah then, thy once lov'd Eloisa see!  
It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330

See from my cheek the transient roses fly!  
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!  
'Till ev'ry motion, pulse and breath, be o'er;  
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.

O death all-cloquent! you only prove 335  
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then, too when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,  
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)

In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd;  
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,

From opening skies may streaming glories shine, 341  
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine,

May\* one kind grave unite each hapless name,

And graft my love immortal one thy fame!

Then ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345  
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;

If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings  
To Paraclet's white walls and silver springs,

\* Abelard and Eloisa were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the monastery of the Paraclete: he died in the year 1142, she in 1163.

# ELOISA TO ABELARD.

O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,  
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds;  
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,  
 Oh may we never love as these have lov'd;  
 From the full quire when loud Hosanna's rise,  
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice  
 Amid that scene, if some relenting eye  
 Glance on the stone where our cold relicks lie,  
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n  
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n;  
 And sure if fate some future bard shall join  
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine,  
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,  
 And image charms he must behold no more,  
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,  
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell;  
 The well-fung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;  
 He best can paint 'em, who shall feel 'em most.

THE END.

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